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EMIGRANT'S HOME
LETTERS

BY
HENRY PARKES

WITH PREFACE AND NOTES BY ANNIE T. PARKES

Sydney
ANGUS & ROBERTSON
Booksellers to the University

1896



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TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

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PREFACE

IN launching this little book upon the stormy waves of the sea of criticism I am not troubled by many fears. I believe that the name of Henry Parkes will yet be dear to the heart of every patriotic son of Federated Australia, and that all concerning him will be very precious in their eyes. The mistakes, the errors, and the failures of the last years of his life will be wiped away as one would brush dust from a beloved dead face. Who that is just will judge of him by the years between seventy and eighty? No! By the glorious aims, by the high hopes, by the great achievements, and the ringing eloquence of his grand manhood will he be judged; and when Australasia takes her place among the great nations of the world, his name will be inscribed in golden letters upon the annals of her history. And the very least of her sons

may learn a lesson from his wondrous life, a lesson of high-souled courage, patient endurance, and marvellous perseverance. I send forth these pages to tell their simple story of how, in spite of bitter poverty, much hardship, and utter want of education, Henry Parkes fought his way to everlasting fame.

ANNIE T. PARKES.

Leichhardt, 11th July, 1896.

INTRODUCTION

ON the 11th of July, 1836, Henry Parkes and Clarinda Varney were married at the Church of England church at Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, the only witness present being either the clerk or the vergier. Clarinda Varney was the only daughter of Robert Varney, a man well to do in his little world. My mother used to say she had the blood of Varney, the villain of *Kenilworth*, in her veins; and we children would assure her that was nothing to be proud of. She left her home in consequence of cruel persecution from her step-mother, and her father never spoke to her again. Often have I sat on my little stool close to her side and listened to the never-tiring story of her sufferings and trials, brightened only by the devoted love between her and my father. I believe she was engaged to him for two years

before she left her home, and she married him some months afterwards, she being twenty-three and he twenty-one. They married without any provision for their wedded life, except the work they could obtain from day to day, and went back from Edgbaston to live in the little room in Birmingham where she had lodged while alone. My father's relatives were very good to her, and she used often to tell me about the daily visits she and her little brown dog paid to the old father of the husband she so fondly loved. They had a bitter struggle for existence, and lost two children. Then they decided to go to London, with an idea of emigrating to Australia,—which, to their untutored minds, must indeed have appeared a veritable land of convicts and blackfellows, but still the 'land of promise' where they might prosper as they could not do at home.

My father had three sisters—Sarah, Maria, and Eliza. These letters are chiefly addressed to the eldest, Sarah, to whom he was greatly attached, and of whom he thus writes to my mother in 1861:—

'All is now over. Poor Sarah died this 'morning at two o'clock. Next to you and our 'dear children I have now lost the dearest

‘creature that remained to me upon earth. She was a mother to me in my childhood, and all through life she was doubly dear for her meekly-borne sufferings. She, whose earthly lot was one of uninterrupted trial and labour, has now gone to eternal rest. God be praised for his mercy in bringing me here by such an accident to lighten the burden of her last moments.’ My father was then in England on a lecturing tour with the late William Bede Dalley.

The letters were given to me at Faulconbridge early in the eighties by my Aunt Maria, and it was her wish, and my father’s also, that I should publish them after his death. He was the youngest of his family, and the last to die. And now I will leave the letters to speak for themselves.

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LETTERS

LETTER ONE.

LONDON,

Sunday, 25th November, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER,

By the time you receive this letter I hope my father will have got the better of the severe illness which he suffered under when I left Birmingham, and together with my poor dear mother, and you all, be better in health and spirits than I can hope for. As I did not get lodgings till late yesterday, I hope you will excuse my not writing before to-day. I shall now endeavour to tell you all that has passed since we parted.

The train which we came up by left Birmingham about one o'clock, and for the first fifty miles of the journey the rain and wind beat through the nothing but naked windows of our

second-class carriage with such bitterness that I began to think we should surely be the subject of a tale in the 'Penny Storyteller,' entitled 'The Weather Slain.' We saw very little of any interest on the way, except the tunnels, one of which is nearly two miles long. Had it been a hundred, we should not have been so murdered by the weather, but as it was, we were through it in five minutes. We saw nothing of Coventry but about a hundred poor men's houses, two church steeples, and two or three high chimneys, the line of road being cut through the rising ground on the right of the city several yards deep. The day cleared up as it died away, and the ghost of a devil that dragged us along tore out from Primrose Hill with the bright crescent moon above us in a calm and beautiful sky. In half an hour afterwards we were in London.

I enquired of one of the company's porters where I could get lodged for the night, and he directed me to a coffee-house just outside the gates, and offered to carry our baggage there; but when we got to the gates the sentinel would not let him go out. That the fellow knew well enough, so I was obliged to have another to carry it the other six yards. A double expense to begin with. On Friday I found out Houldin's,

and went there thinking that John might be able to tell me where I could get a lodging; but, after wasting all the morning, and being treated with 'London gin' at my own expense, I was as forward as ever. In the afternoon I saw Hornblower, but I succeeded no better for that day with him. He could do nothing for the first two or three hours but tell me how glad he was to see me, and stuff me with good things, and he then took me through the streets till nearly eight o'clock to show me the fine places. All the time Clarinda was waiting at the coffee house. The next morning he got me a very comfortable lodging at a respectable house in Hatton Gardens. We have a furnished room, and a good sized dressing closet, where we keep our bread and cheese, and our coals, &c., on the fourth floor, for six shillings per week, and find our own linen and crocks. Staying at the coffee house was very expensive, but I was afraid of going to strange lodgings, and am glad I did not. We have got out of about 24s. since we have been in London, though we have been as careful as we could.

I can say nothing of how we are likely to succeed at present, but I am in good spirits. We were both so ill the first night after we got in

that we could not get an hour's sleep, but are much better.

I should very much like to have the dog, but will write further about it in my next, if you will be kind enough to keep him till then.

Send the remains of the things by the first waggon. You had better put the brown paper package in the rabbit pen, and be sure that the boards are nailed down on the top.

Your affectionate brother,

H. P.

Give my best love to my mother.

LETTER TWO.

LONDON,
December 6th, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I received the goods all safe, and was much refreshed with your kind letter, and am in rather better spirits than when I wrote last to you, having obtained two or three little orders, and promise of more; but things are as flat as they can be here at present, and my situation is anything but agreeable. I think, however, of putting my lathe and things up as soon as I can get them from the waggon office (which I cannot do till I can turn the few made-up goods I brought with me into money), and begin to do the little work which I have got, in hopes of getting more when that is done.

My expectations of London have met with

disappointment in nearly every particular, but I will not talk of that. You will remember that I hinted to you that, in case I did not succeed in London, I should go farther. I had almost forgotten that I ever had such thoughts, among the fresh and astonishing scenes of this strange, glorious place, till it seemed as if there was no place for me among the countless multitude of its inhabitants. My thoughts then returned to emigration.

The information which we have obtained since we have been here respecting Australia has determined both Clarinda and myself to make up our minds to emigrate to a land which holds out prospects so bright and cheering to unhappy Englishmen, though at the distance of sixteen thousand miles. I have been to the Government emigration office to ascertain what assistance they afford to mechanics wishing to emigrate, and we can have a free passage, being young and having no children. The first chartered ship, I believe, will sail in March, and that vessel, I trust, will convey us safe to Sydney. In the meantime we have much to do, and I must necessarily trouble you not a little. You have ever been so kind to me, and have sacrificed so much for my welfare, that I am ashamed

to ask you for further assistance ; but I hope a time will come when I shall have it in my power to prove my gratitude.

In the first place, as I must have a certificate of my being of good character, to procure a free passage, I want Maria to obtain signatures to it. The persons whom I have selected as the best to sign it are : Rev. George Cheatle, minister of Lombard-street chapel ; Mr. B. Hudson, book-seller, Bull-street ; Mr. R. Matthison, stationer, Edgbaston-street ; and Mr. Pickard, ironmonger, Bull-street. I am not very well known to any of these, least of all to Mr. Cheatle ; but the certificate must be signed by a clergyman or minister, and he is the only person of that class who can know anything of me, from living in his own neighbourhood and being with Mr. Houldin, a near neighbour of his, so long, and my brother George and his wife attending his chapel. I think he must know enough of me to justify him in signing a paper of no more consequence. I have written a letter to him, which you will deliver, and allow him to read before you ask him for his signature. All I know of Mr. Pickard is having sold him goods, which I got up in Birmingham, and bought of him. My knowledge of Mr. Hudson, and his of me, is

similar. To him I have written a letter, too. Mr. Matthison knows me rather better. To the signatures of these gentlemen I should like to have added those of Mr. Porter, surgeon, Bromsgrove-street, Mr. Wright, thread manufacturer, Bromsgrove-street; but as I am in debt to Mr. Porter, and have been for a shameful long time, perhaps you had better not apply to him. I leave that to you. Mr. Wright, having been in the habit of seeing me more or less for so many years, must be a fitter person to judge of my character than any of the above. If you can get the signatures of all six, I shall be extremely glad. The certificates which they are to sign are marked at the top of leaf No. 2 and No 4, and each signature should comprise name, calling, and place of residence. For example: B. Hudson, bookseller, Birmingham. The other two certificates are to be signed by Mr. Houldin, my late master, only. They are marked No. 1 and No. 3; get these signed first. And then Clarinda must have a certificate, also—that marked No. 5 to be signed by Mr. Joseph Hardy, paper manufacturer, Great Hampton Row, and No. 6 to be signed by Mr. Cheatle, Chester-street, and Mr. Derrington, town missionary, next door but one or two to Garrison

Lane's Chapel. You will be kind enough to explain to Mr. Cheatle—if you have any need to do so—that the name was 'Varney' at the shop in Mosely-street; also to the latter gentleman, and that she was for seven years a teacher in Garrison Lane's school. Be pleased to have Mr. Cheatle's name first.

As we shall be about four months on our voyage, and as there is no washing allowed on board, we must have at least fifteen changes of clothes, &c., each, be they ever such poor ones. Therefore the next thing I want is, if Eliza or my mother can find time, and are able to do so, for them to make some of these garments for us, as fast as we can get them.

I must now speak of things more familiar. First of all, of my little dog. If you, or someone belonging to me, could keep him when I am gone, I should be very glad, for that little, unhappy animal seems a very part of my unhappy heart. If he cannot be kept among you, dispose of him in the best way you can. At any rate be kind enough to keep him till I am gone. With regard to the books, if you can sell any of them or exchange any of them for cloth for shirts, &c., I should be glad. 'Caleb Williams' and the 'Works of Shakespeare' I should like

for myself, but, of course, can do without them. But secure enough to pay Mr. Anderson and to pay the postage of letters from me.

I hope my father has some work to do—if he is able to do it—and that my mother and Eliza are as well as usual. Be sure to look at them while they sign the papers, and see they do not sign the wrong, Clarinda's being both on the same leaf. Give our love to all. We will send you full particulars of our adopted country before we go.

Yours,

H. PARKES.

December 7th.

P.S.—The money you sent will just do to get the things from the waggon office, but there is one thing that pains me in receiving it—the thought of the injury which you must do yourselves in being kind to me.

H. PARKES.

LETTER THREE.

December 7th, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER,

When we received your kind parcel, I had just finished a long letter to you, from which you will learn we have got on rather better since my last. I was quite overpowered with the sense of your kindness towards us when I saw the four half-crowns, which came as seasonably as unexpectedly, for we had only fourpence left when we received them. Money does not go very far here, everything almost that we have to buy being dearer than it was in Birmingham. Coal, for instance, is 1s. 6d. cwt., mutton 10d. a pound, potatoes 1s. a pound, and everything is of an inferior quality. We had one piece of bacon since we have been here, and it tasted like soap and fish mixed. The water comes out of the Thames, which all the filth of the town is emptied

into. They say it is cleansed before it comes to us, but all I know is that it is quite yellow. This water we must drink, as it is, in tea or coffee ; as for milk, that is quite out of the question, none under 4d. per quart ; and beer as good as the worst in Birmingham, so far as I can learn, would be a novelty. Gin is all the 'go' with the Cockneys. But I am comforted on this score with the thought that I shall be far away when the drougthy weather comes. The fogs, too, choke us. The cats (for there are six or seven at the house where we lodge) make horrid noises day and night, but perhaps all Cockneys do not think it necessary to keep as many as the old ladies where we lodge, so I will not call that a London nuisance. I tell you these bits of news merely to make you merry, for I feel half merry myself.

I am in high hopes of Australia, as well I may be when I compare my chance of living there with my chance of doing so here ; but I cannot give you much information now or I should be up all night. The colony of New South Wales is three times as large as England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and as beautiful a country as this. The soil produces almost everything which this produces, together with pomegranates,

oranges, lemons, figs, &c. Land can be bought in some of the towns for seven pounds per acre, in the second town in the colony for twenty pounds, and in some parts of the country for five shillings per acre. Mechanics can get forty and fifty shillings a week, and buy sugar for two shillings a pound; tea for two shillings; beef, twopence a pound; wine, sixpence per bottle; rent, four shillings per week. Sydney, the capital of the colony, contains 25,000 inhabitants. However, my hopes are not extravagant, though I make sure of getting rich and coming over soon to fetch all of you. I had forgotten to say the climate is the healthiest in the world.

I am very glad the dog gets on so well, and hope you will be able to keep him for a play-fellow for little Tom. I am very sorry they are going to take my father's garden, but I wish he was going with me to Australia, and he could then buy a five shilling acre of land and make another. And if you can persuade my mother to live half a dozen years longer I would come and fetch her too, and she should have a dairy; for cows are only four pounds each, the very best.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY PARKES.

LETTER FOUR.

LONDON,
December 20th, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I delayed acknowledging the receipt of the parcel containing the papers, &c., till I had ascertained whether or not we could go out in the ship which sails on the 29th. I did not get a decisive answer till last Tuesday, when I was told that the list of the *Roxburgh Castle* was made up, and we could not go by her, there being eight or ten parties which she could not take besides us. The next ship which we may get a free passage by sails on the 26th March next year. I hope we shall go then. Not going now has sadly disheartened us both, but it may be for the best. In case I should

not remind you again of it, all letters (whenever we go) should have time to reach us two or three days before the ship goes, as we must be on board at least a day before she sails from Gravesend, which is about twenty-six miles from London.

I hope none of you are unhappy at the thought of my leaving you, or will think much about me when I am gone. However I may fare on the opposite side of the globe, I do not think it can much more darken my prospects of the future. It is hard for me to think that I have seen my dear father and mother, in all probability, for the last time, but the thought is brightened by the humiliating recollection that I have been more a burden than a help to them, and the hope that if we never meet again in this world of change, we shall in a happier and changeless one. Give my best love to them, and tell my brothers to love them, and be more dutiful to them than I have been, and give my love to my sisters, Maria and Eliza. I wish you all a very happy Christmas, though I shall not be with you on that day. I shall think of you all a thousand times in the solitude of our little room in the heart of London, and I hope to spend many a Christmas day with you, my brothers

and sisters, though none of us may be then young. Thank Maria for the trouble she has had in getting the signatures, and for all she had done for me. We should be happy to hear from James, and hope he had got into something likely to do him good. Clarinda wrote to her father this week, but did not enclose it in this parcel, as it seemed more desirable to save you trouble than him expense. We are both blessed with good health for this unhealthy place, except that Clarinda has an ugly cold, and I have been murdered with the toothache for two or three days; but neither of us is happy. I have nothing to do at present; hope I shall have after Christmas.

I send a small book, which contains a great deal of information on the subject of Emigration to Australia, and part of a journal of a voyage to Sydney; also ‘Campbell’s Poems,’ among which are some beautiful ‘Lines on the Departure of Emigrants to New South Wales.’ Be pleased to take particular care of this volume, and return it in the course of a month; also a very interesting book entitled ‘Carwell,’ out of which you may pick a good deal of knowledge relative to New South Wales, but you must read it quick, and return it if you are sending a

parcel next week, as it is a library book. The other book you will be pleased to return also.

If I can get a regular job after Christmas till we go I will send the money for my shoes by the time appointed.

We have sent a few trifling things for you as Xmas boxes. I wish we could have sent something better. For the present, farewell.

Yours,

H. PARKES.

LETTER FIVE.

December 31st, 1838.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have just received your parcel. Am sorry my mother is so ill, and hope she will be much better by when you get this. Am extremely glad my father is well. Shall be very glad of the seeds. Thought of writing to him before we went away for some, but there is plenty of time yet.

We are both in the enjoyment of health at present, but we have fared but badly since the date of my last, having been two or three days without anything to eat, including Christmas day, except that on that day we were made to taste Miss Irvine's plum-pudding and wine, which we were by no means

unwilling to do. I tramped about London Christmas Eve for five or six hours to sell some work, but did not then succeed in doing so, nor till the following Thursday, when I could only get about half my price in Birmingham. Things are here so extremely awkward. I tell these things to you merely because I do not feel justified in hiding any portion of the gloomy side of the picture before me from so kind and dear a friend as you have ever proved to me; or if I had another motive for doing so, it is because I shall be able to look upon my distresses with more fortitude when I know there are those, though at a distance, who sympathise with me in them. But believe me, I do not tell you of my misery to make you miserable. Oh no! I hope you will not be more unhappy on my account than if I was living in the most perfect prosperity, though I wish your sympathy in believing I do not deserve all I suffer.

I am glad the dog gets fat and forgetful of his old master. I suppose he would have nothing to do with me now. However, I wish the old beggar a long life, and much of the good things by the way, and an easy death at the end.

I am very thankful for your arrangements respecting the clothes, and Clarinda's thanks to

her Aunt, when you see her father again. I shall not answer my brother's letter at present, as I may have more to say before we go.

Any information which my father can give me respecting the getting of land may be of use to me till such time as he comes out to the 'land of promise' himself, which I shall depend on his doing in a year or two; though he must recollect that December and January are summer months in New South Wales, and that they have two harvests in a year. I send the *Dispatch* newspaper, which contains part of a letter just received from Sydney, and from an uninterested party, which you will see is very encouraging to emigrants. I feel confident James would do exceedingly well there, but he must judge for himself.

Your affectionate brother,

H. P.

P.S.—Give our love to our parents and brothers and sisters, and Tom and the dog conjointly, as he is his bedfellow. Many thanks for the pie. It was good!

Perhaps I shall not send you again under three weeks or a month, on account of expense.

LETTER SIX.

January 1st, 1836.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am obliged to send to you again, so soon upon my last letter, as I expect we shall embark much earlier than I stated to you. A ship goes on the 29th of this month, and I believe we shall go in that. My chief reason for writing now is that we must have a certificate of being in sound health from a respectable medical man. I send a form of one on this sheet. You will be pleased to get Mr. Porter, or if he has left the town, Mr. Charles Porter, to sign it, since I never had any other medical attendant, and the gentleman who attended Clarinda has left the country, so that it is impossible to apply to him.

All that it affirms he could readily ascertain by applying to Mr. Houldin and Clarinda's friends. If you can possibly get all the signatures by Thursday afternoon send them in a parcel to me the same evening. Take it to the Albion coach office early enough, say four or five o'clock, so that I shall be sure to get them at the office here the next morning. I would rather have the certificates in Mr. Porter's own writing. I only have written this that it may be something like the prescribed printed form of the Government emigration committee, but the one I send will do.

The clothes can be made up on the passage. If you can exchange any of the books for cloth or them, or stockings that would do for either of us, or four or five handkerchiefs, you will befriend us. If Booker would make my shoes, and you think you could pay him in two months after I am gone, I should be very glad to have them.

I shall write to my father, to Eliza, and to my brothers before I go. I think you will hear from us if we go this month about next October, but not before. I shall send to you once or twice before we go.

Clarinda will want half a pound of white

cotton and shirt buttons, if you can exchange books for them. Give our best love to all friends.

Your affectionate brother,

H. PARKES.

LETTER SEVEN.

LONDON,
January 28th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

This letter, I hope, will find you all well at Birmingham. Clarinda and myself are neither one thing or another. I have at last obtained a situation in one of the oldest and largest turning manufactories in London. I have been there two weeks to-morrow. The work which I am upon is so heavy that it almost masters me—having to turn twine boxes (such as you see on tradesmen's counters), which take 2 cwt. of wood to one dozen. I think we are certain to leave the country in March, but shall know more about it next week. We shall have a hard struggle till then, but I hope we shall be able to get through it. I have been obliged to part with many of

my tools since Xmas, to buy us bread, as we cannot live in London for less than 20s. per week, including rent; but I hope I shall be able to get as many in their place as will enable me to carry on the turning at Sydney. If you have the calico, please to send it for Clarinda to work upon, and let me hear from you as soon as you can, as we are very anxious to learn how my father and mother and all of you are. I am sorry I have no money to send for the shoes at present. Please to let Thomas take the small parcel to Mr. Knott's, Swan Hotel Yard—need not wait for answer. More in my next.

Yours affectionately,

H. PARKES.

Our love to all.

LETTER EIGHT.

LONDON,
February 10th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We received your letter dated January 27 on February 1st. We were glad to hear from you—it seemed so long since your last. Were extremely sorry, but not surprised, to hear of dear mother being so ill. I hope she is now restored to her usual health. We were much hurt by your account of the unfavourable circumstances attendant on Maria's journey, and sincerely hope she is perfectly recovered from her distressing illness. We hope, too, that by this time your own severe cold 'has had its day and been forgotten.' We ourselves are both rather poorly.

I have not been able to see *Bell's Life*, but tell my father that my high hopes are undimini-

shed ; that I have no doubt of being happy and prosperous in Australia. And I have much better opportunities of getting correct information on the subject here than you in Birmingham can have. With respect to the tales of private individuals, they in general are altogether unworthy of attention. There is a person lodging in the house where we live, who has been to Sydney. And there was a surgeon's family in the rooms under ours, when we came, who went out at their own expense last month ; but we never asked a single question of either party. A girl that was apprenticed to Miss Irvine went out to New South Wales some years ago. She returned to England about four years ago, the wife of a celebrated missionary. She made Miss Irvine's her home during her stay in London. After laying out several hundreds of pounds in expensive articles of furniture she went back again to New South Wales, more glad again to leave than she was when she arrived in her native country. So you see we could obtain some news about Australia without going far afield, but we can go to sources so much superior that it would be waste of time to do so. That an 'official' account should appear in the *True Sun*, or any other paper,

to discourage persons from emigrating, quite puzzles me. If it is meant by 'official' that it issues from the Colonial Government, when it is the Colonial Government that is paying for the passage of the hundreds of emigrants who are continually being sent out, not only from England, Scotland, and Ireland, but from France, Italy, and other places on the Continent, I think Mr. J. Varney must have been mistaken, if the report he saw was concerning New South Wales, as to the 'officialness' of its character. However, he is not likely to be injured by going to Australia; for assuredly no man will reach there who falls back at the first, or the hundredth, evil report he hears concerning the country.

I think leaving Birmingham was the best step we ever took, and I think leaving London will be the next best. We have suffered a great deal since we have been in London. Were obliged to pawn almost everything we had before I could get anything to do. I had some difficulty in obtaining my present situation. The reason they took me in was this: they had but one man in the manufactory who would undertake the work which I am upon, it is so excessively heavy, and he would rather have

nothing to do with it; so they offered me a trial at this hard job, though, as I came from the country, they seemed to doubt whether I should be able to manage it, as it is also rather a difficult job; but they say now that I am quite an adept at it, and I believe they would rather I stayed with them than went to Australia. We were also a little behind with our rent. I can get, by working hard, about five or six shillings a day, but have not been able to make near full time, owing to having to go to the emigration office, and one thing and another. It is a very difficult thing to get a free passage. They would not even let me leave my certificates till last Monday, though I tendered them time after time. They would not give me a passage at first, because I was a turner, as persons of such a trade as mine must, when they get to Sydney, work on their own account. They take it for granted that persons who are taken out free of expense have not the means to do otherwise. There are crowds of applicants every day at the emigration office for them to choose out of, and they keep them back and put them off from time to time, very vexatiously, it seems to me, to try whether they are really anxious and resolved upon going, lest persons should go out

of a mere capricious love of change. They will not take anybody who has a young and helpless family, except such mechanics as carpenters, masons, smiths, shoemakers, etc., etc., who will be sure to earn enough to provide for them when they get there. Agricultural labourers cannot earn so much, therefore they are scrupulous at taking such of this class as emigrants as have families, and they will endeavour to ascertain whether you can pay for your passage yourself before they will agree to take you. Mr. Marshall told me, when I was speaking about James, that he must pay for his boy himself; if it is so, the child's passage will cost £8, but I hope they will yet agree to take him free. We shall see when they have the certificates. My plan is, if I get tools again to take out with me, to get a job at farm work or anything else that offers itself till I can save money enough to begin to work on my own account, unless something better should turn out for me. If I cannot take tools with me I must wait till I can obtain them from England, as I do not expect they can be procured nearer, which will be a monstrous calamity. It is said that a few turners might work profitably on their own account at Sydney. Still, however, I think it

is not improbable that I may get hold of something better. The country is the best place for making money. A man of good common sense and active habits, if he can but save a little to begin with, may get rich there in no time. I have no doubt of James getting on. I think he will have a better chance than I shall; at any rate at first. But persons going to a strange country, where everyone is taught only to take care of himself, and going there friendless and without money, must expect to meet with difficulties, and to suffer privations and hardships. If I *do not* meet with such I shall indeed be disappointed.

Do not be at the expense of sending the two books, or anything else that we can do without, as instead of being able to send you any money for what you have already done for us, I find from a calculation which I have made that I shall be £4 short, unless something unforeseen turns out in getting the tools, which I ought by no means to omit taking with me. I shall be sure to go from England penniless, but I have some hope of getting something to do on the ship, at which I may earn a pound or two during our voyage, and if I can do so, it may be of the greatest use to us when we arrive at Sydney. I

suppose we are sure to go next month. The ship *Lady Raffles*, which leaves Gravesend on 27th of March, finally leaves Plymouth on the 8th April. If we go in her everything should be here by this day six weeks at the latest.

If James and his wife have linen to last them for a month, Clarinda and Anne can make the other on the voyage, but they must bring the cloth ready washed. James will have no time to lose. Tell him, and also John Varney, if you see him again, the substance of this letter as far as relates to emigration.

You will see an interesting account of the effects of transportation on society in New South Wales in the number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* sent.

We have paid our rent out of the money which we made of the woodwork of the lathe, and other things brought from Birmingham. We could not take them with us.

I send the paper which you had before, for you to keep for anyone to see who thinks of following us. Also a small pamphlet, which you can keep for the same purpose.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY PARKES.

P.S.—Give our sincere and united love to our beloved father, and mother, and to Maria, Eliza, James and family, George and wife, Thomas, dog, cat, and all. Tell my mother I am only unhappy when I think of her.

LETTER NINE.

LONDON,
February 12th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Among other things, we must get you or Maria, some time before your last parcel, to go to Edgbaston church and obtain two certificates of our marriage. They will cost a shilling each. You must ask of the sexton, or beadle, for Mr. Harrison, the clerk. The best time, I think, would be on a Monday morning, between nine and ten o'clock, or Sunday morning before service. Perhaps the latter time would be the best.

Tell James if he should want to buy any shoes before he goes that he can get them cheapest in London.

Yours,

H. PARKES.

LETTER TEN.

LONDON,
March 1st, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We received your last parcel on Sunday, and were very much rejoiced to learn that father and mother were then both better.

I am rather unwell, and unable to stick to my work as closely as I ought to do. The consequence of which, together with having to lose time for other purposes, is that I do not earn more than it just takes to keep us. This week I shall not earn sufficient. I have had a slight cough ever since I have been in London, which comes upon me chiefly at night, and is worse now than it ever has been. I also have a kind of soreness and stiffness at my chest, and can get no comfortable sleep. I verily believe I have not had

a good night's rest since I have been up here. What sleep I do get seems to oppress me more than refresh me, and is very broken. Being pent in a frowsy London garret, with no one to speak to, not even a dog, and breathing the same impure air from week's end to week's end, has made Clarinda very poorly, and half unhappy. Nevertheless, tell my father and mother and all who enquire after us that we are well and happy, as I believe we both shall be when we leave this irksome place.

I shall not write more than one other letter to you before we go, and that on the last day before we join the ship, because of the expense, so I shall endeavour to say all I have to say in this. I have strong hopes of getting a good situation as soon as I arrive at Sydney, as all who have hitherto gone out in Mr. Marshall's ships have been engaged within a week of the time of landing, and if I get a situation at £50 or £60 per year and provisions and a house to live in, I shall be able to send some money home in a year and a half from the present time, and enough soon to pay all I owe at Birmingham. And that will be a happy time with me. I shall write to you by the first homeward bound vessel we meet after we have been out eight or ten

weeks, so you may expect to hear from us in about six months, and again at the end of a year. And I hope I shall be able to tell you how I like New South Wales. I wish Maria could come up to London before we go, for I should dearly like to look upon some one of you again, but I know it cannot be, and blame myself for naming it.

With respect to the likeness, I would rather no more was said about it, as I am unable, however cheaply it was done, to be at the expense, and I am most unwilling you should be, but I leave the matter with you. If things were not so very awkward I should dearly like for you to have both mine and Clarinda's. You may get a portrait, a pretty good likeness, for about six or seven shillings. I do not mean one of those black profiles.

I must now conclude with many thanks and good wishes.

Give our sincere love to all.

Yours,

H. PARKES.

LETTER ELEVEN.

LONDON,
February 13th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I am quite out of patience to receive James's certificates, as there is now not a minute's time for him to lose if he is to go on the 27th of next month. When I wrote the letter which you receive with this I was surprised I had not heard from him, but made sure I should hear in a day or two, or I should have sent it off then, requesting him to send me the papers immediately. I am very unwilling to trouble you before I hear, but dare not delay any longer, lest you should not have received my last parcel safe. If by chance you have not done so, let James have directly the printed emigration paper, which you will find in the present parcel. He will find a form of

certificate on the second page of it, and can get the clergyman or some other gentleman at Yardley to write him a certificate from it, stating explicitly what he is competent of doing, etc., etc., and get it signed as respectably as he can, and as soon as possible, and send it to me, together with a certificate of his marriage, and one of young William's age.

If you should have sent to me before you receive this, when I get hold of the papers I will lose no time in going to the office, and will write you again about the middle of next week.

The last parcel I sent off about a fortnight ago.

I have not much more time, nor have I much more to say at present. Give our sincere love to all our friends, and may God bless you all now and for ever.

Yours,

H. PARKES.

LETTER TWELVE.

LONDON,
February 17th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We received your last parcel on Friday afternoon, and were both very sorry to hear of poor father's misfortune, and sincerely hope he is now recovering, and that you will be able to inform us in your next that he is quite out of danger. We hope that poor mother is also much better, though we know too surely that her allotted portion in this distressful world will be little else than pain and bitterness. This we know, alas ! and have not the power to assuage one single sorrow that oppresses her. But her time here is short. We feel it is so, and that we shall never again behold that careworn countenance, which no transient light but that of the love she felt

for her children ever softened into a happy look. Poor dear mother! How good a mother she has been to me! How glad when I have been successful in any little undertaking! How desirous to help me when I have been in any little difficulty! Oh! how happy I have been in that little old home in Moseley-street, after my day's work was done at the brickyard, as I have sat by the fire in my clayey clothes, and she took my hand and held it in her's, and told me parts of Robinson Crusoe to while away the dull hours till you came home from Attson's. Yes, I was happy then, though dear father was lying in a distant debtor's prison.

Beloved father and mother, I feel as if they were already in their graves. A father and mother bowed down with years of affliction, and steeped in poverty and wretchedness. The very thought seems to make me unhappy for ever, when I know that half the circumference of the globe will shortly lie between us. Farewell, my father and mother, my fond affectionate parents. God Almighty bless them, and provide for their few remaining years better than I can hope they will be provided for. May they be daily surprised with comforts, and may floods of unexpected joy continually descend into their hearts.

Another letter, and another, and perhaps another, and then my next letter will be dated on the blue, wide ocean, where I can have no answer—and then more than a long weary year must pass away before I can hear from you again. Yes, my beloved sister, I shall soon leave you, even as you come to me in your affectionate letters. The very name of Birmingham will no longer meet my eye, except when I unconsciously write it on some part of the ship that bears me over the beaming waters, or on some gloomy tree in the wilderness of Australia. I shall hear no more of Birmingham except from my own tongue, or from my weeping wife's, when we think of those dear friends who live there, and of those angel-infants of our own, who sleep there in their little graves. And when I do hear from you again, will it be of death? Alas! my forebodings are very painful. Still, I hope it will be far otherwise. I hope, though I hope with trembling, that I shall hear of your being happier, far happier, than when I leave you.

If we go alone (and they will not take my brother unless he can pay for his son's passage), the thought of you will be all we shall have to relieve us from our loneliness, and that thought

will be mingled with the last of our lives, should we meet with a watery grave.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY PARKES.

P.S.—I suppose we shall be certain to go in the *Lady Raffles*, March 27th, as Mr. Marshall has promised to take us. She is a very fine ship, 1000 tons burden. Give our sincere love to our parents, and to all.

LETTER THIRTEEN.

LONDON,
February 18, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My sister, in a letter which I received last Friday, informed me of your sudden and alarming illness; but I hope you are now much better, and trust that I shall learn from her next letter that you are safely restored to your former state of health. I had the pain of learning from the same letter of the increased illness of my poor mother. This did not surprise me, but I sincerely hope I shall be surprised the next time I hear from you by the assurance of her being more comfortable and happy. He who, in His wisdom and chastening love, has so long and so heavily afflicted my beloved mother, and who now has brought you, my dear father, to the

very door of death—He, and only He, can support you both in your trials and distresses, and I trust He will. I sincerely hope that the Father of all mercies, in the exercise of his unbounded goodness, will provide for you in your last days, and bless you as you descend into the grave. And when I can no longer, or but seldom, hear how you fare in this world of trouble, you may be far happier than I ever knew you. Trusting that I shall soon hear that both of you are much better, I remain, my dear father,

Your affectionate son,

HENRY PARKES.

Accept, dear parents, the united love of Clarinda and myself.

LETTER FOURTEEN.

LONDON,
March 10th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We received your last on Friday afternoon, and were very glad to hear that all were then so well. Hope my dear mother will continue so, and that my father is quite recovered. I am afraid they must be suffering very much in consequence of my father not being able to work. It also grieves me to think how much you must be injuring yourself to assist me.

With respect to my brother James and his going to Australia, I believe he has never yet thought deeply enough on so great an undertaking as that of removing to the distance of sixteen thousand miles. The distance is tremendous, when the globe itself is but twenty-

four thousand miles round, and I think he has got hold of the notion which many persons have, that Government is glad to get anyone willing to go—as if they only sought the pleasure of paying £40 or £50 to enable one and another family, whom they know nothing of, to remove from this country to New South Wales! The funds for the purpose of free emigration are raised only from the sale of land in the colony, and, therefore, anyone may know it must be but limited. There are only six or seven ships going in the course of the present year from London which take out emigrants free of expense. These ships are far superior to any other that go to Sydney, and always sail on the appointed days, consequently more persons who pay their own passage will go out in these ships than in any other; so that only a few, to make up the ship's number, go out free, perhaps not more than four or five families in a ship on an average, for it is not likely that they will take persons at the expense of Government if others will go at their own expense. Mr. Marshall offered to take James at the payment of £9 for William. He and his wife and child would have been taken sixteen thousand miles, and wholly provided for during the voyage for less than eleven shillings

per week, saying he was sixteen weeks on the voyage. It will cost him a deal more than that to live at home during the time, and suppose he has no work, or very little! It seems strange to me that he could not find the money, but it is too late to talk of this now.

One certificate of marriage will do if you have not already obtained them. Please send the broken saws and old pattern cards as they are. The hand-saw from Atkin's should be about 27 inches from the handle. I think that is about the size, but am not certain. I should very much like to take with me a carpenter's brace and bits, as I feel certain it would be of immense use to me, but am afraid I shall not be able to do so. However, I shall be obliged to you if you will ascertain the price (as all such things are much dearer in London than with you), and send me word in your next. Mr. Edmonds, in the Horse Fair, opposite Thorpe-street, whom, you will remember, I did some work for about two years ago, is a maker of them. I believe there are 36 bits to the brace. You will only have the trouble of delivering the note directed to him, and waiting an answer. I shall send my last parcel the latter end of this week, and if I can have it I will send the money then.

Ask my father to be pleased to write to me, if it is only two or three lines, in your next. I shall write to George, to Eliza, and to Tom, in my last parcel.

Yours truly,

H. PARKES.

LETTER FIFTEEN.

LONDON,

March 10, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I received your kind letter but I know not how to answer it. My heart feels bursting with gratitude to you all. I can only thank you now, but may I live to see the happy day when we shall get all of you who are willing to Australia. I will then try to show you how thankful I am. My Henry is too bad to say I am unhappy. I shall never be unhappy while I have him to make me happy. But I have been very uneasy about my father. I was afraid I should not even get a letter from him, and the shilling was more than I expected. You have only seen a specimen of what he has been to me for the last ten or twelve years. But he is my father, and I do

love him ; you can, therefore, guess what I have felt. I thank you for asking him to send me something, but do not ask him again. It must be so unpleasant to yourself. I feel more happy now that I have heard from him. I am in very good spirits, and though I am a little ill sometimes, I think I am stronger than I used to be. . . . I am very glad we are going, for I believe if we were to stay in London it would kill Henry outright in a short time. Thank my sister Maria for the dress ; I like it very much. . . . Give my love to Thomas, I often think how he will be altered when we see him again, and to poor mother, too. We often think of her and weep. I am glad the dog will not let anyone hurt Maria. I hope he will take the same care of all of you. Give my love to dear father and mother, and then a long farewell, and may God bless you till we meet again.

Your affectionate sister,

CLARINDA PARKES.

P.S.—My father is under a mistake about my Uncle Taylor. He is at Hobart's Town in Van Diemen's Land. We shall go six thousand miles beyond there.

P.S. by H. P.—My good lady has made a bit of a mistake in this last statement. Hobart's Town is not very many days from Sydney.

NOTE.—I have given only extracts from this letter, as it refers mainly to things which her sisters-in-law offered to provide for my mother during the voyage. The letter has pinned to it the following note from Maria Parkes:—‘The one shilling named was obtained from Mr. Varney, by my sister Sarah, after two hours' hard talking to him on behalf of his daughter.—M.P.’

A. T. P

LETTER SIXTEEN.

LONDON,
March 17th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTERS,

We received your parcel this afternoon, and were quite surprised with the heap of things you have sent. I fear you are suffering very much yourselves by helping us so greatly. I am very sorry you had to pay so much for the certificates. The sovereign which Clarinda's aunt sent came very well-timed, or we should have had to leave some of our things in pawn, as I was unable to earn much at work last week. Cannot have the brace now, but never mind about it. Keep the paper, as I shall very likely send for some tools when I send to you from Sydney. Am sorry you have had so much trouble to no purpose. Am extremely thankful to you for everything. I

could not have gone if it had not been for you. Could not even have come from Birmingham if it had not been for you, but I trust I shall soon be able to repay you. Please to let Thomas put the note so directed into the editor's box of the *Journal* office. There are some verses of mine in *The Charter* newspaper of this day (17th), and I expect more will be in the next two or three numbers; the price is sixpence. Please to send me a *Journal* of next Saturday by post as soon as it is out.

I like all the things very much. I am very anxious now to get off. I think we shall be sure to earn a little money on the voyage some way or other. If I get a situation I will obtain £10 and send with my first letter from Syduey.

Will write a farewell to you last thing, as much as a sheet of paper will hold. Have no more time now.

Yours truly,

H. PARKES.

Give my love and Clarinda's to my dear father and mother.

LETTER SEVENTEEN.

LONDON,
Sunday, March 24th.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Once more, and for the last time in England, I thank you for your unspeakable kindness. I go with a happy heart, in hope of rendering you assistance in future. Tell my dear father I was never more surprised than when we received the £1 from him, knowing the sacrifice he must have made to send it; but this only rendered it more valuable to us, and us more grateful to him.

Tell my dear mother the —— will be kept by us as long as we live in remembrance of her. Thank father for the garden seeds. I have bought half a pint of the best sorts of marrow-fat peas, also half a pint of scarlet runners, and some fine carrot seed, and tell him I know how

to plant them all. I do hope that he will see my garden if I have one, but do not tell him so now on account of his and poor mother's feelings. Would that I could hope to see them and all of you again; but if things should turn out well I hope we shall be able to send for you, Maria, and Thomas, and then if my dear father is living, and we should find the climate likely to agree with him, I hope he will come and end his days in peace and happiness with us all.

Your brother has got quite into favour here. He is quite idolized by the old ladies where we live, and he is called 'a poet' by *The Charter* of yesterday. He has had no end of presents from people whom he has not known many months. One old gentleman made him a present of an ivory tablet, a set of reading books, and a shoe-lift, and paper knife, worth twelve or fourteen shillings. Another made him a present of a very handsome rule and several other things. You will see what *The Charter* of yesterday says in *Answers to Correspondents* relative to his song in the week's before. Should we not like to hear his song sung by some great man at some public dinner! but we bid 'farewell' to England and he shall write songs in his bark hut in Australia. Has not my

father's wife been kind, never to send me the least thing in the world, and yet she thinks she is entitled to the name of 'mother,' but I think she does not act 'mother-like!'

I have seen the fine park and the Queen's palace and the Queen's carriage, but they are not, all of them, worth a fig to see. The park, crowded with people like a fair, the palace, guarded everywhere with soldiers with their bayonets fixed; I would rather walk in a rural lane than in such places, where you can go so far and no farther, without being stopped by a soldier with a bayonet in his hand. There are fine seats under the trees for people to sit upon; but there are also great cannons stuck all about, and policemen here, there, and everywhere.

I like not the grandeur and misery of this great place, and picture to myself more beauty and happiness even on the wide, wide ocean, on which I shall soon be. The next time I write I will tell you all the wonders I see there. Till then, a long, long farewell. Give my love to mother, father, brothers, sisters and nephew.

Yours,

CLARINDA PARKES.

NOTE.—The relatives mentioned in this letter by my mother are all her husband's relations.

A. T. P.

LETTER EIGHTEEN.

LONDON,
March 25th, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We received your last kind parcel this afternoon. We received the other two both together last Wednesday, all safe. We are glad that you are all still pretty well at Birmingham. I am about as I have been for the last month or two. Clarinda is very unwell. She went to a physician to-day, who prescribed her some medicine, which she has got from the druggist's. I trust she will soon be better. We are both, notwithstanding this, in good spirits, and much happier than we have been. The saw, I think, is a prime one. My 'Farewell' will appear in the *Village Magazine* for next month (Tyas, Cheapside). Hornblower works on it, and has

struck me off a few copies, some of which I send to you. You will see that the editor of the journal has sadly mutilated it, but I do not think he has altered it for the 'worsen.'

With respect to my brothers, I hope they have no unkind feelings towards me. I know no reason why they should, and I trust they have not. I love them both and I sincerely wish they may possess all the happiness this life can afford. And now with respect to the portrait. I had not a shilling left this morning, except the 7s. you sent to pay for it, just enough to take us to Gravesend, therefore I think you will not blame me for not applying the money to the purpose you intended, as I had none to pay the dock charges on my baggage when I got to Gravesend. My boxes were put on board in London last Friday. It was a misunderstanding of mine that I should have to go to Gravesend with the baggage. The ship lay in the London Dock till within this last day or two. I do not think it will be practicable to write again before I arrive at the Cape of Good Hope. I am not sure of landing at Plymouth, as the ship will be out at anchor, so that I should have to go on shore by a boat, which, of course, I should have to pay for.

Tuesday morning, six o'clock.

March 26th.

We shall be on our way down the river to join the ship at Gravesend now in an hour or two. Clarinda is rather better this morning than yesterday. We shall sail to-morrow, but may be six or seven days before we get round the coast to Plymouth, if we have unfavourable winds, and we may get there in two days. You may expect to hear from us in about four months, and again in about a year. The name of the ship is *Strathfieldsaye*—a queer name, is it not? We have every prospect of a good voyage. I would have had the portrait done when I received your parcel yesterday afternoon, but there was not time, so I hope you will pardon my not doing so. Some of the men at the manufactory have made me little presents, when leaving them, altogether to the amount of more than one pound—not in money, you know—but little articles of their own making, including a very beautiful ivory pocket tablet.

I hope you will enjoy health and unlooked for prosperity till you hear from me again, and till I hear from you. I have not much more time now. If any of you should ever have to come

to London you cannot do better than to get lodging, if you can, at our house in Kirby-street, but I will give you another address, in case Irvines should be gone away: Mr. Stentake, tailor, Red Lion Court, Charter House Lane. This is where Hornblower lodges, and they seem to be very decent people—a sort by no means very common in London. Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, is a very respectable street, but London is such that the next street to it is full of thieves, Jews, and evil persons. The name of it is Field-lane. You will remember this if you should ever read ‘*Oliver Twist*.’ I must now conclude. May God bless you, my dear, dear sister. You will look out for the news from sea, to learn whether we arrive safe. And should we never meet again in this world, may we meet in a better, and should you never hear from me again, may God reward you for all you have done for me. Farewell.

Yours most affectionately,

H. PARKES.

LETTER NINETEEN.

LONDON,
March 26th, 1839.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I thank you for the seeds, and for the sovereign you sent me. I am afraid you must have put yourself to great inconvenience to send me the money. I hope I shall soon be able to return it tenfold.

We shall soon be gone now. In two or three hours we shall be on the river, and in a few days we shall be on the open sea. I shall often read your kind letter on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, and think of you and my poor beloved mother. I again thank you most sincerely, and must now wish you farewell. Farewell, beloved parents, farewell.

Your affectionate son,

H. PARKES.

Give my love to my dear, dear mother, and Clarinda's love to her and to all.

LETTER TWENTY.

ON BOARD THE *Strathfieldsaye*,
LYING OFF PLYMOUTH,
March 31st, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We came to anchor here this morning about eight o'clock, and I lose no time in writing to you. I had not time to take my last (dated March 26th, the day we left London) to the coach office. Left it with Hornblower. Hope you have received it safe. The following is some account of our voyage thus far.

Tuesday, March 26th.—Left London half-past ten o'clock. Were but just in time for the steamer to Gravesend about one o'clock. Went in a small boat to the ship at the distance of about one mile. The hole allotted to steerage passengers had a most miserable appearance at first.

Wednesday, March 27th.—Left Gravesend this morning between ten and eleven o'clock. Came to anchor for the night in three or four hours, about five miles below the Nore. All confusion on board these two days.

Thursday, March 28th.—The anchor heaved just before I got up. Went on deck about six o'clock. A beautiful clear morning. Went along very delightfully, with a good deal of sail set. Past Margate just before one o'clock. The sky now began to get cloudy. About two o'clock a sudden squall of wind with a sharp storm of hail caught us, and put us all in confusion and fright. We were now opposite Ramsgate. The weather continued rainy and bad the remainder of the afternoon. Came to anchor in the Downs about six o'clock, a little distance from shore, opposite Deal.

Friday, March 29th.—Got the anchor up at ten o'clock this morning. Went along merrily with a good wind very near shore. The line of coast from Deal to the white cliffs of Dover presented many pleasant views. In sight of Dover Castle about twelve o'clock. A delightful view of Dover and Shakespeare's cliff. Saw the coast of France on the opposite side of the channel for about three hours. Very little sun

to-day, but a good breeze. Went on deck soon after seven o'clock at night. The round yellow moon shone out from under a ridge of dark clouds upon the wide, foaming waters deliciously. Still going along rapidly ; only one other vessel in sight.

Saturday, March 30th.—This morning at daylight off the Isle of Wight. In sight of it for about two hours. Been dashing along gallantly all night. Myself very sick, obliged to lie down. As I lay on the bare boards of my berth, with my rolled-up bed under my head, in a hole only just roomy enough to hold the number of its inhabitants touching each other, I sought relief from my miserable sensations by thinking of those I had left behind, or anything that could distract my attention from the scene around me. I crept upon deck at 12 o'clock. The scene there was truly magnificent. As we rose and sank over the tumultuous waves of the English Channel I could not help repeating the beautiful lines of Campbell :

‘ Our march is on the mountain wave,
Our home is on the deep.’

Sunday, March 31st.—Came to anchor, after tacking about all night, at Plymouth. There is a Mr. Walker, from Newbold, Warwickshire, a

cabin passenger, and some men whom he has engaged in the steerage. There is also a Mr. Badham, from Birmingham. And there are many farm labourers from Sussex in the steerage—a very rude set. There are some Irishmen and some Scotchmen. Some of the steerage passengers, I believe, are going to leave us at Plymouth, among them a young foppish Jew from London, heartily tired of the journey already. Clarinda is rather better, perhaps, than when we left London. Our love to all. Hope all are well. If you write, do so immediately. Do try to send us two or three little things to take with us. I do think I shall die on sea biscuit and salt beef before I get to Sydney.

Your affectionate brother,

H. PARKES.

LETTER TWENTY-ONE.

PLYMOUTH SOUND,

April 7th, 1839.

MY BELOVED SISTER,

Mr. Marshall's clerk brought your letter on board this morning. It rejoices Clarinda and myself to learn from it that all of you are still pretty well in health. I was very glad of the money. Had three half-pence when I received it, and no more. Am a great deal better than when I wrote my last. Clarinda also is a great deal better.

We fare very well, considering all things, on board the *Strathfieldsaye*, but the steerage of an emigrant ship is of necessity a most miserably uncomfortable place to me. I am more solitary and companionless than I ever was in all my life in this stagnant crowd of human beings. Some of them are of the most indecent and brutish description. My hopes of ultimate success are as good as ever, and it is worth

something to endure the disagreeableness of the next four months.

Now for a bit of description of our residence. The large hold of the ship, where the goods generally are stored, is divided in about the middle by a deal partition. The apartment towards the forecastle, or front of the ship, is allotted to the male steerage passengers; the other, towards the cabins in the poop, or the back part of the ship, to the females. There are two rows of berths, one above the other, round each compartment. The berths are three feet by six feet, just affording room for two persons to lie down. They are separated from each other by a slight, low deal board, about ten inches high, so that when we are all in bed, our bodies, rising higher than these boards which separate us, it seems as if we were ranged side by side in one immense bed all round the place. We sleep on straw mattresses, with a double blanket and a rug. We live at present on nothing but beef and soup and biscuit, but there is plenty of that. We are divided into messes—eight persons to a mess. One of the eight acts as captain for the rest for a week, and then another for another week. The captain's job is to get the provisions for the rest from the ship's steward,

to see to its being cooked, to wash the dishes, &c. I am captain this week. We have a black cook. When we get out to sea where fresh beef cannot be obtained, we shall be victualled according to the scheme in Mr. Marshall's paper. I think that will suit me a great deal better. We have nearly all our passengers on board now. A boat load of Irish 'real emeralds,' as the surgeon called them, came last night. A young Jew from London forfeited his passage money and left the ship the other day, heartily tired of it. A man who was going out free also ran away last Sunday morning, as soon as we got here, and left all his clothes behind him. We have a clergyman going out with us, who came on board to-day.

They talk of our going direct to Sydney, and not touching anywhere. We have live stock on board for the use of the ship. A cow and calf, 24 pigs, 30 sheep, geese, fowls, etc. Not for us, though, mind you. Our united love to father, mother, and all of you. Give Clarinda's love to her father and brother, if you ever see them.

Your affectionate brother,

H. PARKES.

This letter will go to London by Mr. Marshall's agent.

LETTER TWENTY-TWO.

SYDNEY,
May 1st, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

This is a duty I ought to have performed months ago, and you will think harshly of me for this neglect. I have no excuse to plead, save that I was unwilling to sadden your hearts with a tale of misery. I waited from day to day, and from month to month, hoping to be able to give a cheering account of this country, but it is a sad one I write at last. I have been disappointed in all my expectations of Australia, except as to its wickedness; for it is far more wicked than I had conceived it possible for any place to be, or than it is possible for me to describe to you in England. We came to anchor in Sydney harbour on the morning of the 25th July, 1839, my dear

wife having become the mother of a little girl on the 23rd, when we were a few hours' sailing clear of Bass's Strait. Our little blue-eyed ocean child gets on very well, and is now, of course, more than nine months old. I thank God for this blessing.

“ He moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,”

or this sweet one of ours could never have out-lived the many ills which every day of its short life hath brought. I had but two or three shillings when we got to Sydney, and the first news that came on board was that the 4 lb. loaf was selling at half-a-crown! and everything proportionately dear. There was no place for the emigrants to go to till such time as they could engage with masters, or otherwise provide for themselves. When they left the ship they had to do as best they could. Poor Clarinda in her weak state had no one to do the least thing for her, not even dress her baby, or make her bed; and in a few days she was obliged to go on shore, with her new-born infant in her arms, and to walk a mile across the town of Sydney to the miserable place I had been able to provide for her as a home, which was a little low, dirty, unfurnished room, without a fire place, at five

shillings per week rent. When she sat down, within these wretched walls, overwhelmed with fatigue, on a box which I had brought with us from the ship I had but threepence in the world, and no employment. For more than two weeks I kept beating about Sydney for work, during which time I sold one thing and another from our little stock for support. At length, being completely starved out, I engaged as a common labourer with Sir John Jamison, Kt., M.C., to go about thirty-six miles up the country. Sir John agreed to give me £25 for the year, with a ration and half of food. This amounted to weekly :—

- 10½ lbs. beef—sometimes unfit to eat.
- 10½ lbs. rice—of the worst imaginable quality.
- 6½ lbs. flour—half made up of ground rice.
- 2 lbs. sugar—good-tasted brown.
- ¼ lb. tea—inferior.
- ¼ lb. soap—not enough to wash our hands.
- 2 figs of tobacco—useless to me.

This was what we had to live upon, and not a leaf of a vegetable or a drop of milk beyond this. For the first four months we had no other bed than a sheet of bark off a box tree, and an old door, laid on two cross pieces of wood, covered over with a few articles of clothing. The hut appointed for us to live in was a very poor one.

The morning sunshine, the noontide shower, and the white moonlight of midnight, gushed in upon us alike. You will, perhaps, think had you been with us, you would have had a few vegetables at any rate, for you would have made a bit of garden, and cultivated them for yourselves; but you would have done no such thing! The slave-masters of New South Wales require their servants to work for them from sunrise till sunset, and will not allow them to have gardens, lest they should steal a half-hour's time to work in them. I should mention that our boxes, coming up from Sydney on Sir John's dray, were broken open, and almost everything worth carrying away was stolen. I made this at first a very grave complaint, but only got laughed at for my pains, and told that was nothing. During the time I was at Sir John's, I was employed mostly in a vineyard consisting of sixteen acres of land. I was there during the vintage season, and left just as we had done wine-making in the middle of last February, having been in his service six months. This estate of Sir John's is named 'Regentville,' and is situated about three miles from the small town of Penrith, on the bank of the Nepean River, and about the same distance from the first range of the Blue Mountains. I

have been in Sydney now better than two months, part of which time I worked in a large ironmongery store in George-street, which was founded by Macdonald, who now resides, I believe, at Birmingham. I am at the present time at work for Messrs. Russell Bros., engineers and brassfounders, Queen's Place, George-street. I get five shillings per day, finishing brass work; good brassfounders get 7s. 6d. and 8s. a day, I think I could get plenty of light turning to do, and a good price for it, if I had a lathe, which I will try to get before long. I am very unsettled at present on account of ill-health. This brass business does not suit me at all—have not been able to do any work for the last week. I think I shall be obliged to go into the country again. As soon as I get settled I will write and arrange with you how you may forward a few things which I should like to get from England as soon as I can remit the money. In the meantime, be pleased to write immediately, and let us know how all our dear friends have fared since we left home, I hope well. Address, Mr. Henry Parkes, ivory turner, at the General Post Office, Sydney, New South Wales. You must pay the land postage, or the letters will not be sent with the mails on board ship. Send me some newspapers,

and write on the wrappers of them ‘newspaper only.’ Send me all the news you can. I have seen but one person since I have been in this colony, whom I had any knowledge of in England; that was ———, who was transported about two years ago, from Moseley-street. I saw him once—met him in Sydney—he was then staying in the hands of Government at the new prison at Woolloomooloo. For the encouragement of any at home who think of emigrating, I ought to add that I have not seen one single individual who came out with me in the *Strathfieldsaye* but most heartily wishes himself back at home. Mr. Isaac Aaron, who lived in Deritend, is practising in this colony as a surgeon, at Raymond Terrace, on the River Hunter.

With my heart’s prayers for you all,

I remain,

H. PARKES.

P.S.—Wages in Sydney at the present time are about as follow—good workmen :—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Smiths ...	2	0	0	to	2	10	0	per week.
Engineers ...	2	2	0	„	3	0	0	„
Carpenters ...	2	0	0	„	2	10	0	„
Masons ...	2	0	0	„	2	8	0	„
Compositors	2	10	0	„	3	0	0	„

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Turners ...	1	10	0	to	1	16	0	per week.
House painters	1	16	0	„	2	8	0	„
Other mechanics about the same.								
Labourers ...	1	4	0	„	1	10	0	„

You might get as good a house in Birmingham for 2s. 6d. per week when I left as you can get in Sydney for 15s. per week.

Clarinda sends her love and best wishes to her dear parents, with which I unite my own. Tell my own dear father and mother, if—as I trust—they are both alive, that they are seldom absent from my thoughts. Give my love to my dear nephews Thomas and William. Tell James I am not sorry he did not come out here with us, though I think he might have done as well as most. I will give you some general account of this country in my next, which you may expect in a month or two after the receipt of this, and I hope my next account of my own progress will be more satisfactory. Tell John Varney I would advise him by no means to come to this colony. Tell him to write.

NOTE.—John Varney, my mother's brother, afterwards went to Canada.—A. T. P.

LETTER TWENTY-THREE.

SYDNEY,

September 22nd, 1840.

MY DEAR SISTER,—

My letter of 1st May gave you but a gloomy account of Australia. I have something to say now a little more cheering, though I could not at present muster courage to persuade any of my friends in England to think of emigrating.

I am now in a situation which promises not only to provide me comfortable bread, but to enable me to save a little money. You have doubtless heard of such gentlemen as Custom House officers, whose business it is to catch smugglers, seize contraband goods, etc. Your humble servant is now one of these. I spend most of my time on board ships, where I have a good deal of leisure to write poetry—I have

enough already to fill a book, most of which has been published in a Sydney newspaper. But I intend to apply some of this waste time to a better purpose—that of writing a series of letters to you and other dear friends in England, descriptive of this country.

In the meantime, send me word how all is going on at home. I hope my dear father is in good health, and comfortable. My poor afflicted mother, I have a sad presentiment, must be gone for ever. If God has spared her, tell her that we poor exiles in Australia are comparatively happy, though we cling to the hope of returning to Old England. Give my dear wife's love to her father, and tell him that she weeps at the mention of his name. Tell him that we have now another Clarinda, a little friendless, blue-eyed infant, that looks up in his daughter's face and lisps 'mamma.' She was born amidst the rage of the turbulent sea, where no one smiled upon her birth; but He who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand was with us on the waters. Remember us to all, Maria, Eliza, John, James, George, and our nephews, Thomas and William.

God bless you all. Farewell. Pay the land postage in England or the letters, I believe, will

not be forwarded. Address, Mr. Henry F. Parkes, care of H. M. Customs, Sydney, N.S.W.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY F. PARKES.

NOTE.—I was much surprised to find that this and the two following letters were signed ‘Henry F. Parkes,’ as I never heard my father say he had another name, nor does he appear to have so signed his name before or since. I suppose he thought of adopting the name of ‘Faulconbridge,’ his mother’s maiden name.—A. T. P.

LETTER TWENTY-FOUR.

SYDNEY,
May 24th, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER,

On the 16th of last month I received your letter, dated November 17th, 1840, and I cannot tell you the happiness it afforded me to know that my mother was still living to hear from her undutiful son, for I can scarcely forgive myself for not having written sooner, though I then had but an ill account to write. I expected to hear of misery and affliction from what I am able to learn here of the state of things at home, and therefore was not surprised at my father being so unfortunate, but not less sorry. I have not received any newspapers, and I hope you will not be at the trouble to send any more unless you can send them by some safer means

than by post, as it appears that some party or other in the post office department makes it a common practice to detain all the English papers he can. It is my pleasing duty to tell you now that I have a much happier prospect before me than I had when I wrote to you this time last year, or than I ever had in my life. In my letter of May, 1840, my conscience constrained me to state the truth, however unwillingly. I and my dear and virtuous wife were then enduring the utmost poverty, and had been in that state ever since our arrival in the colony. I had then to associate, in my endeavours to obtain a livelihood, with the most debased and servile characters to be found in society. That confession of my misfortunes, I had reason to believe, would be highly gratifying to some at home, however they might attempt to disguise it; but there were others at home who had a right to know the truth, and I told you my misery and disappointment, heedless of the sneer of gratified malevolence. It would be ungrateful in me to say that I have met with no friends in Australia. When I had nothing to eat, and no means of getting it in the wild bush, a convict, who evidently knew the circumstance, brought me a share of his rations. On another occasion, when

I had to travel through the bush in the middle of the night, a poor prisoner got up from his bed to carry my baggage, out of pure respect. But think not that I met with respect and kindness only among this class of my fellow-creatures. One of the most influential men in the colony, a member of the Legislative Council, and a descendant from one of the most illustrious families in England, has not thought me undeserving his kindness, and I have lately sat down to table with some of the most respectable merchants in Sydney. I have now a more comfortable home than it was ever my lot to possess in England. There is one species of wretchedness which I am now entirely free from—that of being in debt with no means of paying. Companions I have none beyond my wife and child, but I have plenty of books to amuse myself, and a deal of leisure time in which to read them. Upon the whole, I am getting reconciled to the country, though my home-sick heart still very frequently pines for its native land. Poor Clarinda spends a very solitary life, as my situation requires me to be absent from her the greater part of my time; still, the thought that our native land could not yield us bread reconciles her to the absence of friends, and our dear

little girl, who can now just totter about from chair to chair, and repeat many little words very sweetly—our dear little blue-eyed ocean child is ever with her, to soothe her in her lonely hours. You ask me for the child's name. It is 'Clarinda Sarah.' She is now a year and ten months old, and, excepting a slight cold, is in a happy state of health. If she is at any time poorly, she fights most stoutly against taking physic, and says to her mother: "Father will beat you." In your next letter be pleased to let me know how all of you are getting on, particularly my father and mother (that I may determine in what way I may best assist them). It is my intention to remit some money home as soon as possible. It is probable that I shall return to London in three or four years, but I shall be sure not to stay in England, nor do I think I shall settle in Sydney. I have promised myself a voyage to Java before returning to Europe, which I shall probably make in the latter part of next year. You will think I am speaking extravagantly, but do not be surprised to receive a letter from me, dated from Manilla, or Sourabaya, or Batavia, or even Calcutta, for I am determined upon a trip to the East. Should you have any opportunity of sending to me

otherwise than by post, send me all the old Birmingham newspapers which you can muster, also, if you can get them, the *Weekly Dispatch*, *Tait's Magazine*, and other publications of a late date. The only way in which you can send anything with safety is to make it into a small parcel, and send it by some particular ship, writing me the ship's name by post, but minding that the letter does not come in the same ship; that is, write early enough for your letter to come by some ship that sails before the one which is to bring the parcel. Your living so far from any seaport is an obstacle, but you can write to the agent of the ship you see advertised in London or Liverpool. The *Times* newspaper is the best for shipping advertisements. I am intimately acquainted with Mr. Chapman, chief officer of the *Robert Newton*, to whose care I entrust this small parcel. Should he be coming out here again, I will get him to write to you before sailing, so that anything you may wish to send may be forwarded to him to bring out to me. The *Robert Newton* will sail from Sydney in about three weeks from the date of this. In all probability she will arrive in England about September. I am also well acquainted with Capt. Hurry of the barque *Beatrice*, now loading at

Sydney for London. By this vessel I will send to you. Be sure and write to me frequently. Should you see Mr. John Varney, junior, ask him to write to me. He is a young man whom I should much respect, even if he was not my wife's only brother. Tell him that I and his dear sister were much grieved to hear of the loss of his children, and much rejoiced to know that he was prospering in business, for he richly deserves to prosper. If my father-in-law, Mr. R. Varney, has it in his power to do anything for his children, I hope he will do all he can for John, for Clarinda will never want anything from him. In your letter you told me that Clarinda's father had sent a message by Dr. Ross. Clarinda accordingly waited on that gentleman the following Sunday, at the Independent Chapel in Pitt-street, and he stated that he had received no message whatever. Tell Mr. Varney from me not to trifle with our feelings again, through the agency of Dr. Ross or Dr. anybody else. If he has anything to say to us let him write, if there be pens and ink in Birmingham. In your next letter let me know if my father has any notion of being a farmer again, if he would make up his mind to leave his native country for ever, if he would like to end

his days with us in Australia. He need not fear the hardships which we had to endure coming here, as we did, entire strangers.

Give our love to my brothers and sisters, with my best wishes for their future happiness. The trifles I send with this are hardly worth your accepting, 'But yet reject them not as such!' You wish to have some account of our passage out from England, which I will endeavour to furnish you in one of my next letters. In the meantime,

I remain,

Yours affectionately,

H. PARKES.

Address, Mr. Henry F. Parkes, officer of H.M. Customs, in care of Mr. W. Magee, bookseller and stationer, Pitt-street North, Sydney, N.S.W.

LETTER TWENTY-FIVE.

SYDNEY,
May 21, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have just received from the post office your letter dated December 6th, 1840, together with the five newspapers (for which I am much obliged). Yesterday I delivered into the care of Mr. Chapman, chief officer of the brig *Robert Newton*, a small package containing Sydney newspapers, a few shells, and an unsealed letter with a little of ours and baby's hair. The *Robert Newton* will go to sea next week, bound direct to London. She will probably arrive about October. My friend Mr Chapman will forward the parcel to you as soon as he gets to London. He may pass through Birmingham on his way to his home in Yorkshire. If so he will call upon

you. I wrote a second letter to you last October. Received your answer to my first, dated November 17th, on the 16th of last month. I wrote to Mr. J. Varney, March 23, 1841. Will write to Mr. W. Hornblower in a week or two. In my letter by the *Robert Newton* I tell you not to send any more newspapers by post, as I did not receive your first. As I have been more fortunate with these I would revoke that request.

The letter I receive to-day gives me much happiness. I rejoice to think that things do not appear to change for the worse at home, though I am afraid they get but little better. I scarcely know what feeling in me is strongest when I read your kind proposal to send us things from England: gratitude for or admiration of your affectionate generosity.

You wish for some account of the passage out from England. You shall have it in a few words. After gazing on the Land's End of Cornwall as it rapidly lessened away from our view on the 8th of April, 1839, we never saw land again, with the exception of the rugged cliffs of the Island of St. Antonia (the most western of the Verde Islands, off the cape of that name, on the coast of Africa), till we arrived on the opposite side of the world. We were sailing with a fair breeze,

at eight or ten knots, when we passed Antonia ; therefore it was not in sight more than three or four hours. We saw neither human being, beast, bird, nor tree upon it ; nothing but the bare perpendicular rocks. On the first of June we were caught in a tremendous gale of wind, which increased during the night to a complete hurricane. For two days and nights we were either lying to or drifting before the tempest, with no other stitch of canvas than our close-reefed mizzen-top-sail ; during which time the winds blew so terribly that we expected every minute to see the masts torn out of the ship, and heavy seas kept continually sweeping the deck. About the fourth evening after the storm abated we sighted a vessel in a dismasted condition. We saw lights of distress during the first part of the night, but on the following morning the horizon of the waters was without a speck. It would seem she went down in the night. We afterwards spoke a vessel from Newcastle, bound to India, which told us of the *Red Rover* being a total wreck on the Island of St. Jago. The *Red Rover* sailed out of Plymouth Sound while we were lying there, bound to Sydney. On the 20th July we made King's Island, at the entrance of Bass's Strait, having had cold

and rough weather all the way from the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope. We did not get through Bass's Straits till the 22nd. On the 23rd we saw the mainland. The night of the 22nd was very rough, the ship rolling a great deal, and on that night our little one was born. The sun rose from the land on the 24th to take possession of an almost cloudless sky. The line of coast continued to lengthen till it stretched either way as far as the eye could reach in the bland and beautiful sunlight. The following night we were tacking about in sight of the lighthouse erected on the south head of Port Jackson. On the morning of the 25th, about 8 o'clock, we entered inside the heads, and in two hours afterwards anchored off Dawes' Battery, completing the passage in a little more than a hundred days.

When within the tropics we had the most delightful weather imaginable. The water was so smooth that the ship glided along almost without any perceptible motion. We saw whole fleets of nautilus floating past us every day, and sometimes the expanse of sea would be alive with shoals of porpoises, and ever and anon a little company of flying fish would spring up into the sun and drop again at a short distance

into the bright and level waters. During a short calm on the line we counted one morning seventeen other vessels, none of them near us. From about the Cape of Good Hope to our journey's end we were surrounded every day by albatross and other sea birds. This is all! A poor account truly, but such as it is you must be pleased to be satisfied with it, for I can remember nothing to make me wish to think of the subject again. I will send you all the information concerning Australia which I think worth your attention in future letters, and I will write much more frequently. I will also often send some newspapers. I send about fifty by the *Robert Newton*. I see many London papers, but very seldom country papers. I have dined several times lately on board ship with a young gentleman from Birmingham, a son of Mr. Price, silversmith, at the bottom of Bull-street. It is not often I meet with anyone from that part of the country.

When you write after receiving this be pleased to let us know how Thomas is getting on in his education. I hope you will be sure to let him obtain a competent knowledge of arithmetic and the substantial branches of learning, to enable him to fill a respectable mercantile situation, in

case it should be convenient for him to seek such employment. I hope he is a good boy and kind and affectionate to you all. And may He who is the Father of the Fatherless bless and prosper him in all things. I hope my brothers are comfortable and happy. Give my love to both of them. Tell my dear father and mother that the world's extension intervening shall not keep me from seeing them again if God spares us but two or three years longer. I often wish my father was here with me now, that I could provide for him in comfort, for I feel so lonely in this land of strangers. Yet there is something so heart-sickening in one's being an exile, that I am afraid to hold out encouragement to anyone to leave their native land. In case any of you should feel inclined to come out here, write me word to that effect as early as possible. I will give you a particular account of what could be done here in a future letter, and that of an early date.

I hope you will not be at the expense of sending anything for me as intimated in your kind letter, as neither of us now is in need of such in the shape of clothing. With respect to a lathe, I shall buy one in the colony. Any little thing you may wish to send for little

Clarinda Sarah, I need not tell you, will be prized as coming from her aunts in Old England. When Mr. Chapman is in London you can entrust any parcel to him, and he will either get some seafaring gentleman who may be coming out here to bring it to me, or ship it in a regular manner, paying the freight in London, and getting a bill of lading signed for it. There are several little things which I want to get from home. I will enumerate them when I send the money to procure them. I should like very well to have the dog, but do not send him till you see whether I am likely soon to return. I am extremely glad to hear that Mr. J. Varney is getting on well in business. Send me word what John Hornblower is doing, if you can learn without giving yourself much trouble. Write to me as frequently as you can. Clarinda sends her love to all her friends, to which I add my own, sincerely wishing them every earthly happiness and prosperity; but ask Mr. Varney not to send any more messages, as he is likely to be understood by writing much better. In an early letter I will let you know my views as to the future. I am now very anxious about getting money, not being at all content to come here for no purpose. I must now bid you 'farewell'

for the present. With my dear wife's love to my father and mother, and to you all, in which I most heartily unite.

Your affectionate brother,

HENRY F. PARKES.

NOTE.—The 'Thomas' so often mentioned in these letters was the son of my father's eldest brother, left fatherless and motherless at an early age, and reared by my aunts.

A. T. P.

LETTER TWENTY-SIX.

SYDNEY,
August 8th, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER,—

I received yesterday your letter dated February 22nd, together with one from Mr. R. Varney, making the third and fourth since I left England. This will make the sixth letter I have written to you. I wrote Mr. J. Varney last March, and to Mr. W. Hornblower June 3rd. A letter to my father I shall post with this. I have received nine newspapers in all. The papers you sent with this last letter were not likely to reach me, as it appears they came by a ship bound to Port Phillip, the overland mail bringing the letters on to Sydney, a distance of six hundred miles. Our dear little girl has been at death's door since my last, at which time she

was not well, though I did not write to that effect, thinking she would soon get better. I am happy to inform you now that she is regaining her health very fast, so fast that I have included her in 'all very well' to my father, but she is not able to walk at present. We have been able to obtain medical aid, with which Clarinda was quite satisfied, and the dear little sufferer has wanted no comfort. I was sorry to hear of the death of my brother's wife, but hope he will be comforted. Was much rejoiced to hear that my mother's health was continuing so good. I hope you will not apprentice our nephew for some twelve months to come, by which time I should be able to advise what best to do with him (if you think my advice worth having). In the meantime I think he should be employed. Suppose you got him into a printing office for a short time. He would be attaining a knowledge of printing as a business and of book-making altogether, which would foster his taste for reading at the same time, as he would be getting a little money. (Nothing like getting money; nothing can be done without it. I know the value of money now! Money! money! money! is my watchword in future!) But do not neglect his education. Attend especially to that branch

which may fit him for business. On no account suffer him to neglect arithmetic. Drawing is very well in its place—a very beautiful acquisition, but it must not become a mere childish passion, to the subversion of that which may make him a gentleman, an intelligent and useful member of society. Drawing will be of no use to him in the merchant's counting house, and I do not think Birmingham the place for his future existence. What is his age? Does he read much, and what kind of books? Give my love to him, and tell him to be a good fellow—to begin to be a man!

I have little more to say at present, and as little time. I am quite happy now in Australia, and I am sure this will add to your happiness. I have got together a good many books, with other comforts, since I have been here, among which are the following: 'Plutarch's Lives,' complete; Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' complete; Dr. Lang's 'History of Australia;,' 'Sturt's Expeditions into Australia;,' 'Blair's Lectures;,' 'Poetical Works of James Montgomery,' complete in three vols.; 'Goldsmith's Works,' complete in four vols.; 'The Works of Shakespeare,' complete; 'The Spectator,' complete; 'Sir William Jones' Letters;,' and

many more. You will see I have some reading now under my own roof, though I was obliged to sell every book I had when I first arrived to buy bread. There is a great fall in the price of this article lately. The 4 lbs. loaf is now only eight-pence. There is some difference between this and 2s. 6d., and almost everything in Sydney except rent is very reasonable. I bought a carpenter's hand-saw from a broker's shop, quite new, and as good as the one you sent me in London, for 4s. What do you think of this?

Yours affectionately,

H. PARKES.

LETTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

SYDNEY,
September 15th, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER,

You will perceive by a newspaper of to-day's date, which I shall post with this, that hundreds of emigrants are at the present time starving in the streets of Sydney, so great has been the over-supply of labour here since my last. Of this deplorable fact I could send you other and stronger proof had I leisure to do so, but I write this away from home, not deeming it right to delay a moment in letting you know. A week ago there were eight vessels riding at anchor in the harbour, all crowded with emigrants! And though many of them have now been engaged to go into the interior, I am afraid great numbers will not be able to obtain employment. By the

emigration regulations they are only allowed to remain on board their respective vessels ten days after their arrival in Port Jackson, and at the expiration of that time they are invariably turned adrift to provide for themselves in the way they best can. If they cannot get employment, and have no money, of course they must starve! I saw a case in the newspapers last week of a young woman who was turned out of one of these emigrant ships when the ten days were up, and was found by a policeman sitting on the Queen's Wharf, and taken to the watchhouse. The next morning she was brought before the magistrate, charged with being drunk; and though she stated that it was faintness, and that she was meditating suicide when the policeman came to her, yet she was sentenced, on the oath of the policeman, to sit one hour in the stocks! What encouragement for persons to come to Australia!

I must now conclude, hoping that you are all in the enjoyment of health. Our little Clara is getting quite well again. Clarinda and myself are quite well. The merchants of Sydney are all in a state of bankruptcy.

Yours affectionately,

H. PARKES.

LETTER TWENTY-EIGHT.

SYDNEY,
23rd January, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your letter dated 6th June, 1841, came to hand this day, making the fourth I have received from you, with one from Mr. R. Varney. I must also have received the greater part of the newspapers, though I cannot state how many. This will make the tenth or eleventh letter to you, with one each to Mr. J. Varney and Mr. W. Hornblower, and the best part of a hundred newspapers. I write this on ship-board, or I would state the exact number, having an account at home. I need not tell you how I am distressed to hear of dear father suffering so much from bad health, and of all of you being still unfortunate in that way. I hope, however, that

all are now safely restored to that greatest of earthly blessings, and my sorrow is somewhat decreased by learning our beloved mother is so much better than I dared to allow myself to hope. I am happy to inform you that I and *my* Clarinda and *our* Clarinda Sally are all in the enjoyment of excellent health. Our little light-hearted 'Niina,' as we call her, runs about and chatters at a fine rate. And what do you think her home-sick mother has taught her? Sometimes when I go home, she runs to me with: "Father, take us in a big ship to see grandfathers and aunties in England, do, father!" In a parcel which I sent home last June I enclosed a small lock of her hair. I will, perhaps, send you her portrait in a future one. You tell me Tom is reading Cunningham's 'New South Wales;' I am glad to hear it. Cunningham, I believe, gives an excellent account of the colony, but I never read him myself. I hope Tom is getting on in his education, *particularly in arithmetic*, which will be the chief thing he will have to depend upon in his future life—for a respectable position in society. I am heartily glad to hear that Mr. J. Varney is getting on so well in business. My prayers will be for his prosperity, for I believe him an excellent man,

and must continue in this belief which makes me happy, though he may deem *me* worthless. Give my love to him—should you see him—also to his father. Tell Mr. R. Varney that his daughter is comfortable, and as happy as a virtuous woman in her situation can be. Tell him it is time any enmity he may feel towards me should cease, though in some measure he may have had cause for it. The fact of our being separated to the opposite extreme of the earth should, I think, help to make us friends. I do not believe my follies in earlier life were so great as my misfortunes. I entered the world with as little experience and as many difficulties as ever young man had for his portion. I did not succeed; what wonder! My native land seemed too unfriendly for me to live in—I loved it—you know how well I loved my country; yet I tore myself away to seek for ‘leave to toil’ in a foreign land. I had to encounter a new kind of suffering, but not a worse, though sufficiently ample to punish me for my former errors.

I am now more happily situated, but there is much bitterness at best in the lot of an exile. And Clarinda and I have little to ameliorate the exile’s lot; we have neither wealth nor friends, and the very means of comfort afforded us is in

itself a source of discomfort, for it separates us, who have none other for the weary heart to lean upon. Still we have much to be thankful for, and I trust we are truly thankful. And, God willing, the time shall come when all who know us at Birmingham shall acknowledge that we are honourable. In the meantime let us be content. Accept for yourself, my dearest sister, my grateful acknowledgments for all your past kindness. You have been to me a sister, affectionate with the watchful affection of a mother. I cannot remember a moment of life when you did not smile upon me with gentleness and love. It was you who did nurse me in my earliest sickness, and you whose voice of comfort came last to me in my native land. When affliction smote my mother in earlier years you caught the maternal glow of her love, and supplied her place. You taught me first to pray, and my best prayers shall be offered up for you. And I have other sisters; may God be most kind to them! Give my love to my brothers. If we never meet again may their years be many and their share of happiness large. That they may go down to the grave in honour and peace will ever be his prayer who is far away.

I thank you sincerely for the sweet words of

consolation and advice which you send me over the wide, wide sea. You also have my thanks for the news you send me about old Brummagen. You have a poet and a poetess, have you? You do not seem to be aware that the greatest poetical personage of Birmingham is now living with us at the Antipodes. The late Miss Twamley, now Mrs. Meredith, is a resident in Australia. And what do you think of *my* setting up poet? I am positively preparing for the press a volume of verses; have already subscribers for 100 copies, including some of the greatest names in New South Wales, as by-and-by you will see. Among your news you tell me that you have a nunnery in Birmingham. Why, I declare the old place is getting quite romantic! You must take care of Maria and Eliza, lest they take the veil. I should not like to see them nuns. But, joking apart, do not be alarmed at a convent of sisters of mercy. They will not (think as you please) hurt Protestantism. You must let me know how the Chartists are getting on, and if you should see anything in the papers respecting William Lovett, who was imprisoned with John Collins in Warwick gaol, be pleased to send me the paper containing it. I am very desirous to know as

much as I can about him. He appears to me to be one of the best men in England. I must now endeavour to collect you a little news—colonial news.

The commercial state of Sydney is at the present time, and has been for the last twelve months, as gloomy as can well be conceived. The market is overstocked with almost every commodity. Most kinds of British goods may be purchased here as cheap as, or cheaper than, in England. Failures to enormous amounts occur continually. There is scarcely a mercantile house in Sydney which a man could say with safety was solvent a year ago, which is not now undermined by these repeated crashes of bankruptcy. At present we have also too much labour in Sydney, great numbers of workmen, mechanics, and labourers, ‘old hands in the colony’—unemployed. The new-comers fare worse, of course—that is, those who stay in the town. In the interior there is still employment. Wages are much lower than they were a few months ago. You will feel surprised that in this state of things there should be such a cry raised in the colony for increased immigration, not only from Great Britain and the continent of Europe, but from India and China. The fact

is, the parties who are foremost in the endeavour to inundate us with workers look only to the depreciation of labour as the sure result. They have been accustomed to having the convict's toil for nothing, and they cannot bring their minds to paying for that of the free man. Hence they would fain have the poor coolie from India, bound to them for a number of years—a slave in everything but in name. You will be kind enough to excuse my rambling and blundering manner of writing. I have much to say but have not time to think about it just now. I propose writing you descriptions of my walks about the town, and of different characters I meet with here, as I think this kind of minute description of what comes under my own observation will interest you more than any general account of the country which I am able to give you. There is a man now passing before my eyes well worth describing.

Imagine yourself standing by me on the deck of a small schooner lying in Sydney harbour. There is a miserable-looking old man paddling an old canoe from the Sydney side to the opposite shore. The face is unshorn, and his beard and hair are as white as snow. As his vessel glides over the sunny waters he casts his

haggard countenance towards the bright blue sky above, and you hear him speaking vehemently in a jargon between French and English. Listen ! You now hear him fiercely cursing God Almighty, and calling upon the devil. For twenty years past that white-headed and impious maniac has led the same life, cursing God every day as you hear him now. He is well-known to sailors frequenting Port Jackson by the name of 'French Peter.' In early life he was an officer of the French army, but having committed a murder at home he fled and sought refuge in Australia. Many years ago, when he first arrived, he became possessed of some property. That patch of land by the water-side, which you now see occupied by Mr. West, was then his. That land, at the present time, is worth £10,000. He, growing a reckless drunkard, sold it for 16s. and a bottle of rum ! For the last twenty years he has had no home, living in a hole in a rock on the north shore. Some days he brings over to Sydney a few oysters, and selling them buys bread. The iguanas have been known to steal his bread in the night, when in the morning he would come back to Sydney for more, declaring that the devil came when it was dark, and took away his bread. Whenever you see 'French

Peter' he is cursing God, and raving about the devil.

I will write to you again at no distant period. By this time you must have received three or four other letters from me, to which I shall soon begin to expect answers. It is now the fruit season in Sydney. The market is well supplied. Peaches from one penny to sixpence per dozen, which are the commonest kind of fruit here.

Clarinda send her love to you all, to which is added that of

Your affectionate brother,
HENRY PARKES.

P.S.—I saw Mr. Badham, of Birmingham, about three weeks ago, when he informed me that he had purchased the ship *Renown*, and intended to go home in her as soon as he could procure a cargo, his business in Sydney being nearly all settled.

NOTE.—My father never appears to have carried out his intention of sending home 'descriptions of my walks about the town, and of different characters I meet here,' which is a great pity. How interesting those descriptions would be now! It must be clearly understood that I have altered nothing in these letters, and I have omitted very little—good or bad, still they show what Henry Parkes was at twenty-seven. —A. T. P.

LETTER TWENTY-NINE.

SYDNEY,
27th March, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER,

We are quite unhappy in not hearing from you more frequently. It is now more than nine months since the date of your last letter (June 6th, 1841). Intelligence has reached the colony of the safe arrival of four vessels, by which I sent home letters, subsequent to those you name as having received; and yet I get no answers. I hope, however, the cause of my anxiety is nothing worse than the tardiness of the conveyance by which we are doomed to receive your favours. In your last you stated that father and other members of the family had been suffering from illness. I trust all are now perfectly restored to health. We in Sydney are quite well, except

little Clarinda, who has a slight cold. I have nothing of particular interest to communicate. Sydney is still in a bad state. In the papers I send you with this you will see some particulars of an action in the Supreme Court for libel, in which Aaron, surgeon, late of Deritend, was plaintiff. In the *Australasian Chronicle* for March 17th there is an article headed 'Obscure Poets' and signed 'Faulconbridge,' which is from the pen of your humble servant. Mr. J. D. Badham, who, you will recollect, was a passenger to Sydney in the *Strathfieldsaye*, will be the bearer of this. He sails in a few days for Liverpool in the ship *Renown*, part of which vessel he himself owns. Give our love to father and mother and all our friends, and for the present farewell.

Yours affectionately,

H. PARKES.

LETTER THIRTY.

SYDNEY,
3rd September, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Your letter dated March 28th, 1842, was received, with four newspapers, about a month ago, at which time (as you will have learned by Clarinda's answer) your former letter of the date November 22nd, 1841, had not come to hand. It has, however, now reached us by the emigrant ship *Theresa*, which arrived a few days ago, after a passage of eight months from Plymouth. These two letters lay before us a frightful picture of affliction which you must have suffered during the last severe winter, and our grief receives additional bitterness from the reflection that we were at the same time having comparative ease and happiness, surrounded by all the

luxuriant beauty of an Australian summer. But I feel it will be some comfort to you to know we have been exempted by a kind Providence from sufferings which we would gladly have shared to alleviate. For the last two years we have enjoyed a state of almost uninterrupted health, while the emoluments of my situation have procured us many comforts, though we have hardly yet recovered from the difficulties of our first year in the colony. At the present time my income (which is always fluctuating) is not sufficient for our support, in consequence of the stagnation of the shipping interests at Sydney, which, together with all other mercantile transactions, wear a deplorable aspect. Insolvency, like some fearful epidemic, is daily discovering itself in some new place, and all kinds of goods (British goods in particular) are being sacrificed every day, at considerably less than their invoice value in England. There are no pawnbrokers in Sydney, but there are auctioneers who serve the necessitous in a similar manner, with this difference, that the man who sends his goods to the pawnbrokers has a hope (which too frequently is never realised) of redeeming them, while he whose goods go to the auction mart knows at once that they are gone from him for

ever. I saw carpenters' hand-saws sold at one of these sales not long since at 1s. 6d. each. Mechanics and labourers in Sydney are glad to obtain employment now at wages 40 or 50 per cent. lower than they were receiving a year or eighteen months back, and their money at the week's end is in many instances uncertain.

Nearly all provisions are, however, now at very moderate prices; bread is fourpence the 2 lb. loaf, and beef and mutton fourpence per pound, but house rent is excessively high.

You must not infer from what I have said that we are here in any danger of starving, for bad as things are at present I believe they are so much worse in England that I wish you were all in safety here. I ought to state that the great cause of an overabundance of labour now in Sydney is the objection which men feel to going into the interior, for, seeing that 'life has ample room' in the country, there can be no fear of a general dearth of employment for a hundred years to come, provided the amount of capital be proportionate to that of labour.

As yet I am quite unsettled in my purpose for the future, or whether or not I shall remain in the colony, but I hope I shall be more decided in the course of a year or two. I am beginning

to sigh for a permanent home. It may be fixed in the immense wilds of this wonderful country, or amidst the native haunts of the New Zealand savage; or it may be in the beautiful and fertile island of Otaheite, or in Chili, or Peru, or it may be among the settlements of Malacca, or in South Africa, or the United States of America; but I am sad to think it is not likely to be in my native land, though I still must hope to lay my bones in old England. As soon as I am able to write you more explicitly of my views for the future I will be sure to do so. And I trust I shall have it in my power before long to repay your love and kindness to me in past years. Tell our beloved mother, should this reach you while she is allowed to remain with you, that the prospect before her children in this strange country is fair for the cloudy times we live in, and assure her of our unabated affection. Tell her and my dear father and my sisters and brothers, and my beloved wife's friends also, that, though every other feeling may be blunted by continual contact with the world, our love for them will receive new vigour from trouble and privation, from strife and sorrow. Long before you can read this I trust we shall receive a happier account from you—of health banishing

all traces of sickness, and of suffering and anxiety giving place to domestic comfort and peace. And now, my dear sister, for the present 'farewell.'

HENRY PARKES.

LETTER THIRTY-ONE.

SYDNEY,
26th January, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I received in November last your letter of the date June, 1842, conveying to me the particulars of my mother's death. I was in some degree prepared for this sad intelligence, but when I knew for a certainty that I should see that dearest face no more,—that she, whose love for us gathered strength from affliction and misfortune, was now resting in the grave and could no longer participate in her children's happiness or sorrow, when I knew that my mother indeed was dead, I felt as if a portion of this world's beauty was lost to me for ever. But it is a blessed thing to know there is another and a better world where sorrow never troubleth and the weary are at rest.

Could we have been allowed to meet again, for me to have heard her bless my dear little child and listen to her mother's story of her birth, it would have been to me a happiness greater than I can ever more expect. This, however, could not be, and there is One above, who, in His wisdom, ordered it should not be so, against whose decrees we must not rebel. May the almighty and all-merciful Being comfort and support those she has left behind in my native country. Perhaps I am never to see any of you again, but while I live I shall cling to the hope of returning to dear England. In my last letter I believe I mentioned that I had not been very fortunate lately, and I have delayed writing since with the hope of being enabled to tell you things with me were better, which I can assure you is now the case.

The circumstances of the colony are still very bad. A large mercantile house failed yesterday to the amount of £130,000. Declaration of insolvency is a matter of almost every day occurrence among the tradespeople of Sydney. Wages are very low, and employment not very plentiful in Sydney. In the country the only demand for labour is as shepherds, and for this purpose the flock-masters are striving their utmost to obtain

hill coolies from India on the ground, they state, of not being able to give the price of European labour, which is at present from £15 to £20 per annum and rations. But I think things will shortly improve.

In your last letter you remind me of my duty to assist my father, and I am sorry and ashamed to tell you it is not in my power at present to remit anything home. At the earliest possible period I will do so. I think I may say for certain in the course of this year. I often wish he was here with me, as I am sure I could make him comfortable. I could take a farm of thirty acres within a few miles of Sydney at as low a rent as I pay for our house in the town, or I could purchase an allotment of land and build ourselves a cottage outside the town, but to all these things at present the objection is Clarinda's being left alone at those times when my situation requires my absence for weeks together. I have not time to say more, as a ship sails this afternoon. Give the united love of myself, wife, and child to all. Clarinda and Clarinda Sarah are both well.

I am, my dear sister,

Yours most affectionately,

HENRY PARKES.

LETTER THIRTY-TWO.

[Note by A.T.P.—The first portion of this letter is missing.]

. . . I think of them as the rural beauties of a country which my children will call foreign. Yes! henceforth the country of my children shall be mine. Australia has afforded me a better home than my motherland, and I will love her with a patriot's love. With regard to my own individual prospects I am full of hope. I have had my troubles, as the old ladies say. When you think of my landing on the soil of this country with a wife and child, the one only three days old and the other in the delicate state of health of a mother at that time, and with only a few pence and without a home, you will think I must have had some difficulties to contend with since my arrival in Australia. And I have had my share of them in good earnest, and not the least of them I am grappling with at this

moment. But still I am full of hope. I believe my circumstances will improve, and that speedily. I see my way now quite clearly which shall lead me to respectability if not competence. I will write again in about three months, and, though it is useless for me to write to you oftener, I should like to hear from you more frequently. Our little girl, who is now four years old, has enjoyed the best of health for this last two years and a half. She is now playing with the cat on the floor of a little sitting room, the door of which opens a few yards from the sea. Her dear mother is lying down—it is Sunday afternoon. In general Clarinda's health has been pretty good, and mine, since my arrival in this country, has been only interrupted by a short sickness about the date of my first letter to you in 1840.

I have made inquiries after the son of Mrs. Weston. The officer of Customs who was boarded on the *Joseph Cunard* tells me that he saw him last June. He then looked well and was respectably dressed. He thinks he was in some draper's shop, but I have not been able to ascertain where he is at the present time. If his friends think proper to address a letter to him in care of me, it is more than probable that in the meantime I shall be enabled to find out

where he is. I must now bid you farewell. This letter will be enclosed in a small parcel—the same old box again—and sent in the care of Henry Smith, an apprentice on the barque *Standerling*. The trifles inside, with the exception of five copies of ‘*Stolen Moments*,’ are for yourself. Clarinda will send a few similar presents by the first opportunity to her father. Give our united love to all the Varneys whenever you see them, and let them know the contents of this letter as far as it relates to my prospects.

I remain, my very dear sister,

Yours most affectionately,

HENRY PARKES.

NOTE.

I cannot better bring this little book to a close than with the following beautiful letter, addressed to my mother, his devoted wife for fifty-two years, of whom he said, on the morning she lay dead: 'She was a good woman, a good wife, and a good mother.' She would have asked for no higher tribute from him. Earthly titles were nothing to her in comparison. To be a 'good woman,' a 'good wife,' a 'good mother' was her highest aim to the last day of her long and eventful life. There is a bitter-sweet consolation to me in the thought that they who trod life's thorny path together for fifty-two years now lie side by side at rest for evermore. None *can* divide them now. May their good deeds only be remembered!

A. T. P.

LETTER THIRTY-THREE

October 6th, 1844.

MY DEAR WIFE,

Being hard tasked on board the *Harlequin* to get my time off my hands (for day and night I am utterly alone here) I have resolved to write you a love letter. It is many days, some of them, I hope, happy ones, since my last love letter, and in their wintry sweep over my head they have let fall some flakes of snow, and then they have somewhat withered, and in their course they have hurried us over a dreary wide distance of billowy sea, severing us, perhaps for ever, from our native home. But many, many darker days than the darkest we have known could not blight or chill that life of love in my heart which dictated that last letter and which dictates this. Yes, Clarinda, my own first (for I have a second now) dear Clarinda, if ever a heart was constant in its love, that heart is yours

in mine. I have questioned myself on this matter often and deeply, and my soul has returned one only answer—‘I love her truly, passionately love her!’ My imagination has often of late conjured up before me my beloved as I first knew her in the spring of womanhood, and I have listened again to her first fond words to me—me, a poor and friendless boy, to whom then none other had ever spoken fondly; and all her faults (for faults I tell her *most* lovingly she has) were lost in the beauty of her pure and deep affection. And, oh! I feel that, though I was greatly rich and loaded with honour and courted and flattered by the world (which, happily, I never shall be), still there would be one whose smile to me was like the common sunshine, without which I could not live to enjoyment.

And this is my love letter to my dear wife and companion, to whom I am now, for ever and ever, with a heart full of love,

HENRY PARKES.

APPENDIX.

NOTE.—The following letter was sent in answer to my repeated request to Mr. J. G. Hornblower to give me some account of my father's youthful years, Mr. Hornblower and his brother being his only friends and companions at that time. With regard to the poems, 'The Emigrant's Farewell to his Country' was written just before my father left England in 1839. I do not know the date of the poem 'My Native Land,' but it was written soon after his arrival in the colony.—A. T. P.

INGLEWOOD,
PUNT ROAD, SOUTH YARRA,
6th May, 1890.

MY DEAR MISS PARKES,

You asked me to send you some reminiscences of your father's youth. I am afraid you will be disappointed, as the incidents occurring in what may be called the 'seed-time' of his life, which had any relevancy to the prominent characteristics of his manhood, were but few and uninteresting.

Doubtless your father has told you that he was apprenticed to a Mr. John Holding, who is described in the Birmingham Directory of 1830 as a bone and ivory turner of Moseley-street. I may say that your father had great aptitude for his business, and gave much satisfaction to his employer. During his apprenticeship your father was somewhat reserved in his demeanour, had

but few companions, and occupied his leisure hours in mental improvement. The cheap pocket editions of the 'British Poets' had more attraction for him than the out-door sports and pastimes common to youth, and versification became a habit before he had acquired sufficient mastery of language to efficiently clothe 'The thoughts that burst their channel into song.' I was his printer, and, unknown to my employer, worked many an hour overtime to put his evanescent thoughts into print. One of his early poetical effusions deserved to be placed among the 'Fragmentary Thoughts' of later days. The opening lines were :—

'What of earth that had wings would not wander on high
'Now the stars in their stillness have peopled the sky,
'And the ocean is fondly embracing with smiles
'Of deep fervour and gladness her favourite isles.'

Another poem of some worth was an expression of sympathy with the Poles in their final struggle for national liberty. I mention these as showing the bias of his mind. He was a most ardent and enthusiastic reformer, a member of that great and powerful association the Birmingham Political Union, which carried the Reform Bill of 1832. While that important measure was in jeopardy by the opposition of the House of

Lords, the Council of the Union issued an edict that every member and every man who wished it passed should wear upon his heart the Union Jack of Old England! Jewellers, silversmiths, steel and gilt toy makers vied with each other in making these insignia of the people's will as pretty and attractive as possible, and I well recollect the one worn by your father was of ivory, the carving and painting being his own work. He was one of the multitude who assembled at New Hall Hill, and the impassioned eloquence of Thomas Attwood, Joshua Scholefield, Geo. Edmunds and others must have had great influence in the formation and growth of those political convictions which he brought with him to Australia. From 1832 to 1838 your father was in the turmoil of political excitement; the Reform Bill was a failure, and the excitement of the disappointed culminated in the adoption of the 'national petition,' which demanded all those political privileges which are now enjoyed by the people of England and Australia. I forward by the same post a very scarce copy of the printed report of the Grand Midland Demonstration at Holloway Head, in 1838, at which your father was present. It will recall to his mind names as familiar as household words.

It may interest you to know that your mother's influence and example had no inconsiderable share in the formation and development of your father's religious convictions. For some years they were both regular attendants at Carr's Lane Independent Chapel, under the pastorate of the Rev. John Angell James, one of the most learned and eloquent preachers of his day. At that time it was your father's custom (and probably your mother's also) every Sunday afternoon to walk to Yardley, a village distant some four miles, teach the children, and exchange tracts with the parents on his way home. The years 1837 and 1838 were perhaps the most trying of your father's life. With too much self-respect to join the ranks of the journeymen of his trade, he rented premises in Bradford-street, and commenced business on his own account; but although his samples of turnery would bear favourable comparison with the best, yet lack of capital and the pressure of competition forced him to retire and look to other lands in the hope of finding fuller scope for the exercise of his talents, far away from the depressing surroundings of his everyday life.

In remembrance of many pleasant hours, and in appreciation of your father's early friendship,

I shall always feel a pride in having been associated with one who has risen from comparative obscurity, reached the highest pinnacle of greatness in the councils of his adopted country, and won for himself the most coveted honour England's Queen can bestow.

With kind regards,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN G. HORNBLOWER.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL TO HIS
COUNTRY.

I go, my native land, far o'er
The solitary sea,
To regions, where the very stars
Of Heaven will strangers be,

To some untrodden wilderness
Of Australasia's land,—
A home, which man has here denied,
I seek at God's own hand.

I have a mother, ill and poor,
A father, too, in years,
And have no parting gift for them,
No ! nothing save my tears.

I leave them in a busy town,
Where pale mechanics toil
In irksome manufactories,
Shut from the sun and soil.

Fair visions yet, my native land,
 Will o'er my lone heart come,
Whene'er I think of friendship's haunts,
 Or childhood's peaceful home,

Or love's delightful wanderings,
 When she, who shares my lot,
First plucked from 'mong the violets
 The sweet forget-me-not.

And then the beauty of such dreams
 Will radiate o'er my heart,
Till bitterly I weep, to think
 That we were forced to part.

And Heaven two sinless infants lent,
 Whose graves are told with thine—
They came and went so angel-like,
 I dare not call them mine.

And memory, when her mystic chain
 Back o'er the past she flings,
Nothing so beautiful as they
 From all her treasures brings.

For their sweet sakes, my native land !
 Even if I loved not thee,
My heart would hover o'er thee still,
 Where'er my home might be !

Where will my home be? I'll not ask ;
I would not now be told !
Enough to know 'tis God who will
In all my being hold.

I do not know what lovely flowers
May deck the new world's vales ;
But, though the brightest bloom abound,
If spring no primrose hails,

Its absent beauties I shall mourn,
For I have loved that flower ;
And my heart's friends have loved it too
From childhood's earliest hour.

MY NATIVE LAND.

The moonlight of a milder clime
Is round me pour'd o'er scenes sublime ;
But I would fly from all earth's light
And grandeur to behold to-night
My native land !

To-morrow's sun will beauteous rise
In Australasia's summer skies ;
But more than beautiful to me
Would winter's wildest morning be
In that dear land !

'Twould almost seem that peace and love
Here reign as o'er those realms above ;
But, oh ! the counter-charm of home
Is found not yet, where'er I roam,
O'er sea or land !

And greenwoods wave which ne'er are sere
In this December summer here ;
But I would turn from Eden's bloom
To hail, in winter's waste and gloom,
My native land !

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